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As promised.
John Blakely.

(212) [redacted]

**THE MAD HATTER**

*Restaurant & Pub*

1485 SECOND AVENUE
BET. 77-78 STS.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

EST. 1966

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# OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
And a bugger for his hole was he
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his fiddlers three

Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he
Fiddle as you like, as you like, said the fiddlers,
Merry, merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare with the

NEW YORK R.F.C. (loudly)

| | |
|---|---|
| How's your father? | All right! |
| How's your mother? | Up tight! |
| How's your sister? | She might! |
| How's your arsehole? | All shite! |
| When was the last time? | Last night! |
| How did you find it? | All Right! |
| When's the next time? | Tonight! |

Oompah, oompah, stick it up your jumpah,
Merry, merry men are we:
There's none so fair as can compare with the

NEW YORK R.F.C. (a shout)

Succeeding verses take the same form with an additional trade each time:

tailors : needle: stick it in and out, in and out

butchers : chopper: put your meat on the block

jugglers : balls: balls in the air, in the air

painters : brush: slap it up and down, up and down

## PART I

1. **A CONTINUOUS SERIES**

We were strolling along (twice)
Down moonlight bay (twice)
We could hear the leaves a-singing (twice)
They seemed to say - what did they say - they seemed to say
"You have stolen my heart (twice)
Now don't go 'way" (twice)
As they sang love's own sweet song down moonlight bay

DOWN MOONLIGHT BAY

The bells are ringing - for me and my gal (twice)
The choir is singing - for me and my gal (twice)
Everybody is knowing - to a wedding they're going -
And for weeks they've been snowing -
Every Susy and Sal, every Susy and Sal.
They're congregating - for me and my gal (twice)
The parson's waiting - for me and my gal (twice)
And some day soon we're gonna build a little home
for two or three or four or more
In loveland - for me and my gal

FOR ME AND MY GAL

I want a beer just like the beer that pickled dear old dad,
That was a beer, the only beer that daddy ever had,
A good old-fashioned beer with lots of foam -
It took six men to carry daddy home -
I want a beer just like the beer that pickled dear old

DAAAAD

Abe, Abe, Abe my boy,
What are you waiting for now?
You promised to marry me some day in June,
It's never too late but it's never too soon,
All the family keeps on asking me
Which day, what way, I'm in the family way,
Abe, Abe, Abe my boy,
What are you waiting for NOW?

GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS

# ILKLEY MOOR

Chorus: On Ilkley Moor bar t'at, bar t'at;
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at, bar t'at;
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.

Where 'ast tha bin sin I saw thee
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at?
Where 'ast-a bin sin I saw, where 'ast-a bin sin I saw
Where 'ast-a bin sin I saw thee?

(Chorus)

I've bin a-courtin' Mary Jane
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
I've bin a-courtin' Mary, I've bin a-courtin' Mary
I've bin a-courtin' Mary Jane.

(Chorus)

Thee's goin' to catch tha death o'cold
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
Thee's goin' to catch tha death o', thee's goin' to catch
tha death o'
Thee's goin' to catch tha death o'cold.

(Chorus)

Then us shall ha'to bury thee
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
Then us shall ha'to bury, then us shall ha'to bury
Then us shall ha'to bury thee.

(Chorus)

Then worm'sll come and eat thee up
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
Then worms'll come and eat thee, then worms'll come and eat thee
Then worms'll come and eat thee up.

(Chorus)

Then ducks'll come and eat up worms
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
Then ducks'll come and eat up, then ducks'll come and eat up
Then ducks'll come and eat up worms.

(Chorus)

Then us shall all have ate up thee
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
Then us shall all have ate up, then us shall all have ate up
Then us shall all have ate up thee.

(Chorus)

# THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

Oh, I am a batchelor, I live by myself
And I work at the weaver's trade.
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.

I wooed her in the Summertime
And in the Winter, too.
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night, she came to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep.
She laid her head upon my bed
And she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died.
She said: "What can I do?"
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head
Just to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh, I am a batchelor, I live with my son
And we work at the weaver's trade.
And every, every time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the Summertime
And of the Winter, too.
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

4. THERE ONCE WAS A FARMER

There once was a farmer who sat on a rock,
Waving his fist and abusing his ----
---- Neighbouring farmer, watching his tricks
And teaching his children to play with their ----
---- Kites and their marbles as in days of yore
When along came a woman who looked like a ----
---- Decent young lady, but walked like a duck.
She said she was learning a new way to ----
---- Bring up her children and teach them to knit.
While the boys in the farmyard were shov'ling the ----
---- Contents of the pigsty, right into the pool
The Lord of the Manor was pulling his ----
---- Horse from its stable to go to the hunt.
His wife, in her boudoir, was powdering her ----
---- Nose and arranging her vanity box.
And taking precautions to word off the ----
---- Gout and rheumatics, which made her feel stiff
For well she remembered her last dose of ----
---- What did you think I was going to say?
No you rude bugger, that's all for today.

## DID YOU EVER SEE

Verse: There's a little pub in Wales
Where they sell the best of ales
If you want a drink on Sunday
You will have to wait till Monday.

Chorus: Did you ever see, did you ever see, did you ever see
Such a funny thing before.

Oh I've got a brother Rupert
Who plays scrum-half for Newport
He was lying on the grass
When someone upped and kicked his - ankle.

Chorus

Oh I've got a brother Dai
Who could kick the ball so high
That the game was done and ended
Long before the ball descended.

Chorus

Oh I've got a brother Mark
Who cleans statues in the park
While he was cleaning Venus
A dog came up and bit his - elbow.

Chorus

Mrs. Morgan bought some bricks
For to build her chimney higher
For to stop the dirty cats
From a'pissing on her fire.

Chorus

Oh I've got a brother Daniel
Who has got a cocker spaniel
When you stroke him on his middle
He lefts up his leg to - bite you.

Chorus

Oh I've got a brother Willy
Who plays soccer for Caerphilly
He tried a game of rugger
But they called him silly - billy

Chorus

6. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around
Piccadilly Underground,
Livin' off the earnings of a high born Lady!

I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole,
I don't want my bollocks shot away,
I'd rather stay in England,
In merry, merry England,
And fornicate my fucking life away!

- Gorblimey -

Monday night I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday night I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday night, success!
I lifted up her dress.
Thursday night, what a sight, gorblimey,
Friday night I put my hand upon it.
Saturday night she gave my balls a tweek,
On Sunday after supper
I stuffed the old man up her
And now I'm paying seven and six a week
Gorblimey.

I don't want to join the army, etc.

7. ARSEHOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

Air: La Dona e Mobile

Arseholes are cheap today,
Cheaper than yesterday,
Small boys are half-a-crown,
Standing up or lying down,
Big ones for bigger pricks,
Biggest ones cost three-and-six,
Get yours before they're gone,
Come now and try one.

8.

## SWING LOW

Chorus: Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

Verse: I looked over Jordan, what did I see?
Coming for to carry me home.
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Chorus: Swing low, etc.

Verse: No words, just humming and actions.

Chorus: Ditto

Chorus: With words, loudly and fast.

9.

## LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

(Bread of Heaven)

Life presents a dismal picture:
All around is murk and gloom.
Father has an anal stricture,
Mother has a fallen womb.

In the corner sits Jemimah
Never laughs and rarely smiles
What a dismal occupation:
Cracking ice for Father's piles.

Cousin James has been deported,
For a homosexual crime,
And the housemaid has aborted
For the forty-second time.

And the baby's no exception,
For he's always having fits,
Every time he laughs, he vomits;
Every time he farts, he shits.

10.

## THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
My Lord Montagu of Beaulieu ("Bew-lee")

On the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Two shithouse doors
And my Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

On the third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Three dirty whores,
Two shithouse doors
And My Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Four boy scouts,
Three dirty whores, etc.

On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Five choirboys,
Four boy scouts, etc.

On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Six convicted vicars,
Five choirboys, etc.

On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Seven sex-starved spinsters,
Six convicted vicars, etc.

On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Eight useless eunuchs,
Seven sex-starved spinsters, etc.

On the ninth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Nine gnawed-off nipples,
Eight useless eunuchs, etc.

On the tenth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Ten torn-off testicles,
Nine gnawed-off nipples, etc.

On the eleventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Eleven leching lesbians,
Ten torn-off testicles, etc.

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Twelve tits a-twitching,
Eleven leching lesbians, etc.

## THE MARRYING KIND

Chorus:

If I were the marrying kind - which thank the Lord I'm not, sir -
The kind of man that I would wed would be a rugby .....

Fullback

For he'd find touch and I'd find touch;
We'd both find touch together;
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Finding touch together.

Chorus

Center

For he'd thrust hard and I'd thrust hard
We'd thrust hard together;
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Thrusting hard together.

Chorus

Fly Half (stand-off, out-half)

For he'd pass out and I'd pass out;
We'd both pass out together.
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Passing out together.

Chorus

Scrum-half

For he'd put it in and I'd put it in;
We'd both put it in together.
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Putting it in together.

Chorus

Lock

For he'd hold it in and I'd hold it in;
We'd both hold it in together.
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Holding it in together.

Chorus

Groundsman

For he'd fill holes and I'd fill holes;
We'd both fill holes together.
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Filling holes together.

Chorus

Second-assistant-groundsman!

For he'd sow seed and I'd sow seed;
We'd both sow seed together.
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Sowing seed together.

## FISH AND CHIPS

**Male Chorus:**

If I give you fish and chips, will you let me kiss your lips?
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

**Chorus of females, eunuchs or seriously injured players -**

If you give me fish and chips, I will let you kiss my lips,
But I won't marry, marry, marry, marry,
I won't marry you.

**Males:** If I give you half-a-crown, will you take your panties down?
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

**Females, etc:** As above (but substitute the words, stupid!)

**Males:** If I give you three-and-four, can we have it on the floor?
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me? (Got the idea? Good)

**Females:** Chorus

**Males:** If I give you four-and-ten, can we have it once again?
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

**Females:** Chorus

**Males:** If I give you five-and-six, can we have it just for kicks?
Will you marry, etc., etc.

**Females:** Chorus

**Males:** If I give you the keys to my chest and all the lovely money that I possess,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

**Females:** If you give me the keys to your chest and all the lovely money that you possess,
I will marry, marry, marry, marry,
I <u>will</u> marry you.

**Males:** Ha! Ha! Ha! You think you're bloody funny.
You don't want me; you want my fucking money.
So I won't marry, marry, marry, marry,
I won't marry you.

## MARY

Mary went to a wayside inn,
Seduced herself with a bottle of gin,
The cork came off and the gin ran wild,
And she gave birth to an alcoholic child.

Chorus: They called the bastard Gordon, (thrice)
'cos that was the name of the gin.

Mary went to a mountain glen,
Seduced herself with a fountain pen,
The nib came off and the ink ran wild
And she gave birth to a blue-black child.

Chorus: They called the bastard Stephen, (thrice)
'cos that was the name of the ink.

Mary went to a leafy glade,
Seduced herself with a razor blade,
The edge came off and the blood ran wild
And she gave birth to a circumsized child.

Chorus: They called the bastard Gillette (thrice)
'cos that was the name of the blade.

Mary went to a garden shed,
Seduced herself with a loaf of bread,
The crust came off and the crumbs ran wild
And she gave birth to a half-baked child.

Chorus: They called the bastard Hovis (thrice)
'cos that was the name of the bread.

14.

## THE SEXUAL LIFE

(Tune: The Eton Boating Song)

The sexual life of the camel is stranger than anyone thinks
At the height of the mating season he tries to bugger the sphinx
But the sphinx's posterior orifice is blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel and the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Chorus:

Singing bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, titty-bum,
bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty-ay,
bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, titty-bum,
titty-bum-titty-titty-bum-titty-titty-ay.
For we're all queers together, excuse us while we go upstairs,
Yes we're all queers together, that's why we go round in pairs.

The sexual life of the ostrich is hard to understand
At the height of the mating season he buries his head in the sand
Then along comes another ostrich and sees this great arse in the air
Does he out with his chopper and up it or doesn't he bloody well care?

Chorus:

With actions.

15. **CLEMENTINE**

(Tune: Bread of Heaven)

In a cavern, in a fucking canyon, excavating for a mine
Liver a miner, forty-fucking-niner, and his daughter Clementine

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine
Oh my darling Clementine

Like she was unto a fucking fairy, and her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without fucking topses, sandals were for Clementine

Chorus

Drove she ducklings to the fucking water, every morning just at nine
Caught her foot upon a fucking splinter, fell into the foaming brine

Chorus

Rose her head above the fucking water, blowing bubbles mighty fine
But, alas, I was no fucking swimmer, so I lost my Clementine

Chorus

How I missed her, how I fucking missed her, how I missed my Clementine
But I took and fucked her little sister, and forgot my Clementine

Chorus

## ROEDEAN

We are from Roedean - good girls are we,
We take a pride in our virginity.
We take precautions 'gainst pox and abortions,
For we are from Roedean School.

Chorus: Up School, up School, up School!
Right - up - School!
La - la - la etc. (to fit to tune).

When we go down to the beach for a swim
Everyone remarks on the size of our quim.
You'll hear the holler "It's like a horse's collar!"
For we are from Roedean School.

Chorus

Our Hall Porter, he is a fool,
He only has a teeny-weeny tool.
It's all right for keyholes,
And little girlie weeholes,
But no good for Roedean School.

Chorus

Our Head Mistress, her name is Jane.
She only likes it now and again
And again and again and again and again.
For she is from ROEDEAN SCHOOL.

Chorus

Our Gym Mistress, she is the best.
She teaches us to develop our chest.
We wear large sweaters and
Carry French letters,
For we are from Roedean School.

Up School, up School, up School!
Right - up - School!

## SING US ANOTHER ONE

Chorus: That was a horrible song
Sing us another one
Just like the other one
Sing us another one do.

There was a young man from Rangoon,
Who was born of a virginal womb,
He hadn't the luck to be born of a fuck,
But was scraped off the sheet with a spoon.

Chorus

There was a young man from Rill
Who swallowed an atomic pill.
The end of his penis was halfway to Venus,
And his balls, on a tree in Brazil.

Chorus

There was a young woman from Eiger
Who had an affair with a tiger.
The result of this fuck was a bald-headed duck,
Two newts and a circumcized tiger.

Chorus

There was a young girl from Penzance
Who went on a bus in a trance.
Everyone stuffed her except the conductor
And he came twice in his pants.

Chorus

There was a young man from Cossham
Who took off his balls to wash'em.
His wife said: "Jack, if you don't put 'em back,
I'll jump on the bastards and squash em.

Chorus

Etc. Etc.

## THE WILD WEST SHOW

Chorus: We're off to see the Wild West Show
The elephant and the kangaroo-oo-oo-oo,
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

In the first cage, ladies and gentlemen, we have the winky wanky bird.
Chorus: The winky wanky bird?
Yes, the winky-wanky bird.
Chorus: Fantastic, incredible, what the fucking hell's that?

Well, the winky wanky bird has, by some genetical error, its foreskin attached to its eyebrow, so when it winks, it wanks and when it wanks, it winks - lady, stop throwing sand in the bird's eye.

Chorus:

In the second cage, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Fuckawi tribe.
Chorus: The fuckawi tribe?
Yes, the Fuckawi tribe.
Chorus: Fantastic, incredible, what the fucking hell's that?

This tribe are a tribe of 4 foot pygmys living in the jungle grass which is 6 foot high and they have a habit of jumping up and down on and off each other's shoulders shouting, "we're the Fuckawi, we're the Fuckawi".

Chorus:

In the third cage, ladies and gentlemen, we have the piebald donkey.
Chorus: The piebald donkey?
Yes, the pie-balled donkey.
Chorus: Fantastic, incredible, what the fucking hell's that?

This donkey, ladies and gentlemen, is so called because it's oversize balls have a radius of exactly 3.142 inches.

Chorus:

## WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

He put his hand upon her toe: yo-ho, yo-ho!
He put his hand upon her toe: yo-ho, yo-ho!
He put his hand upon her toe;
She said: "Marine, you're mighty slow:
Get in, get out, stop fucking about, yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho!

He put his hand upon her knee: yo-ho, yo-ho! (three times)
She said: "Marine, you're teasing me:
Get in, get out, etc.

He put his hand upon her thigh: yo-ho, yo-ho! (three times)
She said: "Marine, you're mighty shy:
Get in, get out, etc.

He put his hand upon her snatch: yo-ho, yo-ho! (three times)
She said: "Marine, you've gotta scratch:
Get in, get out, etc.

He put his hand upon her tit: yo-ho, yo-ho! (three times)
She said: "Marine; squeeze it a bit:
Get in, get out, etc.

And she is in New York town: yo-ho, yo-ho! (three times)
She screws the boys for miles around.
Get in, get out, etc.

And now she's in a wooden box: yo-ho, yo-ho! (three times)
She died from too many marines' cocks.
Get in, get out, stop fucking about:
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho!

## MAGGIE MAY

Chorus: Oh Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken her away
She'll never walk down Lime Street any more.
You dirty, rotten scrounger, you no-good homeward bounder,
You dirty, rotten bastard, Maggie May.

On the night that Maggie died, she called me to her side
And bequeathed to me a pair of flannel drawers.
They were tattered, they were torn, round the arsehole they were worn,
Those old red-flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

Chorus:

They were tucked in, they were mucked in, they were ones that she had fucked in,
Those old red-flannel drawers that Maggie wore.
They were stained with gin and beer, you could smell the pubic hair
Those old red-flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

Chorus:

When she hung them on the line, the sun refused to shine
On those old red-flannel drawers that Maggie wore.
When she laid them on the ground, grass died for miles around,
Oh, those old red-flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

Chorus:

21. POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen, Little Angeline,
Always playing on the village green,
Never had a thrill, was a virgin still,
Poor Little Angeline.

Now the local Squire got a low desire,
The biggest bastard in the whole damn Shire,
And he set his heart on the vital part
Of Poor Little Angeline.

Come the village fair, and the Squire was there,
Masturbating in the village square,
When he chanced to see the comely knee
Of Poor Little Angeline.

As she raised her skirt to avoid the dirt,
Skipping o'er the puddles of the Squire's last squirt,
As the thigh he saw, how his nob grew raw,
Of Poor Little Angeline.

As he raised his cap, he said "Miss, your cat
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat.
My car's in the square, so I'll take you there,
My Poor Little Angeline.

They had not gone far when he stopped the car,
And dragged the maiden to the Public Bar,
With a load of gin she would fear no sin,
Poor Little Angeline.

Now the dirty old turd should have got the bird,
Instead she followed him without a word,
AS she drove away you could hear them say
"Poor Little Angeline".

He had oiled her well, got her in a dell,
And there decided that he'd give her hell,
So he tried his luck with a dog-like fuck,
At Poor Little Angeline.

Angeline cried "Rape," as he raised her cape,
Unhappy darlin' there was no escape,
'Twas time someone came for the save the name
Of Poor Little Angeline.

Now it can be told that the blacksmith bold,
Had loved Little Angeline from time untold,
He was handsome, true, and virile too
Poor Little Angeline.

But sad to say on that self-same day,
The blacksmith had been put in gaol to stay,
For he soaked his pants at the village dance
With Poor Little Angeline.

Now the bars of the cell overlooked the dell,
Where the Squire was trying to give the maiden hell,
As they reached the grass, he saw the arse
Of his Poor Little Angeline.

So he gave a start and let out a fart,
Strong enough to blow the bars apart,
And he ran like shit, 'cause the Squire might split
Poor Little Angeline.

When he reached the spot and he saw what's what,
He tied the villain's penis in a grannie knot,
And he kicked his guts, bruised the poor sod's nuts,
Poor Little Angeline.

"Blacksmith I love you - oh Indeed I do.
I can see by your trousers that you love me too!
As I am undressed - come and try your best
For Poor Little Angeline."

## THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
By Christ you should have seen us;
The figurehead was a whore in bed,
And the mast was a rampant penis.

Chorus:

Frigging in the rigging,
Frigging in the rigging,
Wanking on the planking,
There's fuck all else to do.

The Captain of this lugger
He was a filthy bugger,
Declared unfit to shovel shit
From one ship to another.

Chorus:

The cabin-boy called Dripper,
Was a foul-mouthed little nipper,
Who stuffed his arse with broken glass
To circumcise the Skipper.

Chorus:

The first mate's name was Morgan,
A veritable Gorgon;
Each night at eight, he'd play till late
Upon his extra-sexual organ.

Chorus:

The First Mate's name was Hopper
By God he had a wopper,
Twice round the deck, twice round his neck
And up his arse for a stopper.

Chorus:

The boatswain was named Andy -
A Portsmouth man and randy -
His whopping cock broke chunks of rock,
To cool the Skipper's brandy.

Chorus:

His wife was baptised Charlotte
Who was born and bred a harlot.
At night her cunt was lily-white,
In the morning it was scarlet.

Chorus:

The Captain's daughter Mabel
Though young was fresh and able
To suck and shake and fornicate
Upon the chart-room table.

Chorus:

His other little daughter
Got pushed into the water
Her plaintive squeals confirmed that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

## IN MOBILE

Air: She'll be coming round the mountain

Oh the seagulls they fly high in Mobile,
Oh the seagulls they fly high in Mobile,
Oh the seagulls they fly high
And they shit right in your eye,
It's a good thing cows can't fly in Mobile.

Oh the old brown cow is dead in Mobile,
But the children must be fed
So we'll milk the bull instead in Mobile.

There's a lady they call Susan in Mobile,
And her cunt she's always usin'
She's got the best infusion in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
So we'll fuck the shithouse doors,
And the knotholes in the floors in Mobile.

Oh I knew a parson's daughter in Mobile
Sought her, caught her, fucked her, taught her,
Now I cannot pass my water in Mobile.

Among the upper classes in Mobile
When they finished with their glasses
They just stuff them up their arses in Mobile.
There's no paper in the bogs in Mobile,
There's no paper in the bogs in Mobile,
There's no paper in the bogs
So we'll shit until it clogs
Then we'll saw it off in logs in Mobile.

Note: Only the first and last stanzas are given in the form best for singing.

## FINICULI FINICULA

Last night,
I pulled me pud:
It did me good,
I knew it would.
Sling it,
Fling it,
Throw it on the floor,
Smash it,
Crash it,
Catch it in the door,
Some people say
That fuckin's mighty good,
But for personal enjoyment,
I'd rather pull me pud.

## THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

She was poor but she was honest,
    Victim of a rich man's whim,
First he fucked her, then he left her,
    And she had a child by him.

Chorus:

It's the same the whole world over,
    It's the poor wot gets the blame,
It's the rich wot gets the pleasure,
    'Aint it all a bleedin' shame?

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
    Throwing snowballs at the moon,
She said, "George, I've never 'ad it."
    But she spoke too fuckin' soon.

Chorus:

Then she came to London city,
    To recover her fair name,
But another bastard fucked her,
    Now she's on the streets again.

Chorus:

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
    Cracking walnuts with her crutch,
She said, "Jack I've never 'ad it."
    He said, "No? Not fuckin' much!"

Chorus:

See the little country cottage,
    Where her simple parents live,
Though they drink the fizz she sends 'em,
    On her achin' quim they live.

Chorus:

Now she stands in Piccadilly,
    Pickin' blackheads from her quim,
She is now completely ruined,
    And it's all because of him.

Chorus:

She got pox and 'orrid chankers,
From the wolves that plumbed her gut,
So she went down to the river
    For to give her whorin' up.

Chorus:

As they pulled her from the water,
    Water from her clothes they rung,
And they thought that she had had it,
    But the corpse got up and sung.

Chorus:

See him seated in his Bentley,
    Coming homeward from the hunt,
He got riches from his marriage,
She got corns upon her cunt.

Chorus:

See him in the House of Commons,
    Passing laws for all mankind,
While she walks the streets of London,
    Selling chunks of her behind.

Chorus:

## DINAH, DINAH

Chorus: Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
Show us your leg, show us your leg,
Dinah, Dinah show us your leg
A yard above the knee.

A rich girl wears a brassiere, a poor girl uses string
But Dinah she wears nothing at all - she lets the bastards swing.

Chorus:

A rich girl wears a ring of gold, a poor girl one of brass
The only ring that Dinah has is the one around her arse.

Chorus:

A rich girl uses Vaseline, a poor girl uses lard
But Dinah uses axle-grease because her hole 's so hard.

Chorus:

A rich girl rides in a limousine, a poor girl in a truck
The only ride that Dinah gets is when she has a fuck.

Chorus:

## THE LOBSTER

Hello Mr. Fisherman, how are you
Have you a lobster big enough for two
Singing I-tiddly-I, shit or bust
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.
Yes sir, yes sir, I have two
One for me and the other one for you.

Chorus:

Oh I took the lobster home and I couldn't find a dish
So I put the fucking lobster where the Missus has a pish

Chorus:

In the middle of the night, I'll have you know
The Missus she got up to use the so-and-so.

Chorus:

Oh first she gave a squeal and then she gave a grunt
And there was the lobster hanging from her cunt.

Chorus:

Then I took a brush and the Missus took a broom
And we chased the fucking lobster all around the room.

Chorus:

Oh we hit it on its back and we hit it on its side
We hit the fucking lobster till the bastard died.

Chorus:

Oh the moral of the story it is this
Always take a look before you take a piss.

Chorus:

Oh that is the end, there is no more
There's an apple up your arse and you can have the core.

Chorus:

## THE ENGINEER'S SONG

An engineer told me before he died,
And I've no reason to believe he lied,
That he knew a maid with a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built a bloody great wheel
Two balls of brass and a peice of steel,
The balls of brass were filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough! I'm satisfied!"

Up and up went the level of steam
Down and down went the level of cream
Until again the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough! I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the tragic bit
There was no way of stopping it
And she was split from arse to tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered in .....

Sweet violets, sweeter than roses
Covered all over from arse to tit
Covered all over in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

Another Anon.

29. THE DOG'S MEETING

The dogs they held a meeting
They came from near and far,
And some they came by aeroplane,
And some dogs came by car;
They went into the parlour
And signed the visitor's book,
Then each took off his arse-hole,
And hung it on a hook.

No sooner were they seated
Each mother, son and squire,
When a dirty mongrel bastard,
Rushed in and shouted FIRE!
The dogs were in confusion
They didn't stop to look,
Each grabbed the nearest arse-hole
From off the nearest hook.

The dogs they were so angry
Their arses were so sore,
It's hell to wear an arse-hole,
You've never worn before;
And that's the only reason
A dog will leave a bone
To sniff another's arse-hole
In the hope that he'll find his own.

Anon.

## THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER

The Mayor of Bayswater, he had a fine daughter
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh
Hung down to her knees

Chorus:
One black one, one white one and
One with a bit of shit on;
The hairs on her dicky-di-doh
Hung down to her knees

If she were my daughter, I'd cut them a little shorter
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

(Chorus)

I've smelt it, I've felt it, it's just like a bit of velvet
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

(Chorus)

I've it, I've seen it, I've been in between it,
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

(Chorus)

It would take a coalminer to find her vagina,
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

(Chorus)

She lived on a mountain and peed like a fucking fountain,
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

(Chorus)

She married an Italian with balls like a fucking stallion,
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

(Chorus)

They lived in a lighthouse that stank like a fucking shit-house.
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

(Chorus)

She lived on a cattle ranch and shat like a fucking avalanche,
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

(Chorus)

I've eyed it, I've spied it, I've been right inside it,
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

(Chorus)

You don't know what bitter is, till you've tickled her clitoris,
Oh! the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees.

## 31. THE HIGHLAND TINKER

Oh the lady of the manor she was dressing for the ball
When she saw a highland tinker tossing off against a wall

Chorus:
With his bloody great kidney wiper and his bollocks swinging free,
And a yard and a half of forskin hanging down below his knee
Hanging down, swinging free,
And a yard and a half of forskin hanging down below his knee.

So she wrote to him a letter and in it she did say
I would rather be fucked by you, sir, than my husband, any day

(Chorus)

Oh the tinker read the letter and he read it very well
And his prick began to fester and his balls began to swell

(Chorus)

So he rode up to the manor and he rode up to the wall
"God save us," cried the butler, "He has come to fuck us all."

(Chorus)

Oh he fucked 'em in the parlour, he fucked 'em in the hall,
But the time he fucked the butler was the finest fuck of all

(Chorus)

Oh now he's dead and buried and some say he's gone to hell
And they say he's fucked the devil and I'll bet he fucked him well.

(Chorus).

32.

## CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

Air: D'ye Ken John Peel

Alternating Chorus:

Cats on the rooftops,
Cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphillis,
Cats with piles,
Cats with their arseholes
Wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Dogs on the seashore
Dogs on the rocks
Dogs with syphillis
Dogs with pox
Dogs with great big
Festering cocks.

The donkey is a lonely bloke,
Very, very rarely
Gets a poke,
But when he does,
He lets it soak
For he revels in the joys of copulation.

The hippopotamus so its seems,
Only occasionally
Has wet dreams,
But when he does O!
It comes in streams,
For he revels in the joys of copulation.

Long-nosed parsons
Jump like goats;
Pale-faced maidens
Fuck like stoats,
And the whole bloody world
Looks on and gloats,
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The ostrich in the desert
Is a solitary chick,
It never gets a chance to
Dip its wick
But whenever he does
It goes in thick
For he revels in the joys of copulation.

The Regimental Sergeant Major
Leads a miserable life,
He can't afford a mistress,
And he hasn't got a wife,
So he stuffs it up the arsehole
Of the Regimental Fife,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning,
Feeling full of sexual joy,
And your wife's a trifle musty
And your daughter's rather coy,
Then stuff if up the turdpipe
Of your favourite boy,
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

When you find yourself at evening
With the devil of a stand,
From the pressureof the urine
On your seminary gland,
If there ain't a woman handy
Use your own fair randy hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

33. **CATHUSALEM**

In days of yore there lived a whore
A prostitute of lewd repute,
A jade who did a roaring trade,
The Harlot of Jerusalem!

Chorus:
Hi, Yi, Cathusalem, Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
Hi, Yi, Cathusalem, the Harlot of Jerusalem.

A student lived hard by the wall,
Who though he only had one ball,
Had fucked 'em all or nearly all
The Harlots of Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

One night returning from a spree,
With customary cunt-lust he,
Although he only had one dong,
Called on the fair Cathusalem!

(Chorus)

It was for her no piece of luck
This lusty lad should need a fuck,
And chose her cunt from out the rut
Of harlots in Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

For though he paid his women well,
This syphilitic spawn of hell,
Struck down each year and sorely fell
Ten harlots of Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

Forth from the town he took the slut,
For 'twas his pleasant whim to fuck,
By the Salvation Army's hut,
The love of pure Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

And heaving reached this shady nook,
Forth from its hiding place he took,
His penis twisted like a crook,
The pride of foul Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

He placed his whore against a tree,
And tied her at the leg and knee,
For he knew there the strain would be
Upon the Fair Cathusalem!

(Chorus)

He gripped her tight around the bum,
And squirted like a gatling gun,
And sowed the seed of many a son
With the fair Cathusalem!

(Chorus)

It was a sight to make you sick,
To hear him grunt so fast and thick,
Exploring with his hooked prick
The womb of Fair Cathusalem!

(Chorus)

Then up there came an Onanite,
Whose balls were melons made of shite,
Who swore that he would gaol that night
The Harlot of Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

He loathed the vice of fornication,
For his delight was masturbation,
And exposing to the Nation
The whores of old Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

So when he saw the fucking pair,
With Holy rage he rent the air,
And said he'd have their pubic hair
To show off to Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

A tree supplied him with a stick,
To which he fastened half a brick,
And he took a swipe at the mighty prick
Of the student of Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

He seized the fucker by his hook,
And such a mighty heave he took,
He flung him over Kendron's brook
That babbles past Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

The student with a mighty roar,
Returned to grapple with the bore,
And with his flaming jack did score
That arsehole of Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

And feeling full of rage and fight,
He flung the bloody Onanite,
And rubbed his nose in Cathy's shite,
The sweetest in Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

The wily strumpet knew her part,
She pissed her cunt and blew a fart,
And broke the Onanite apart,
With stinks of Old Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

As for the student and his lass,
Many a gallon of sperm they passed,
Until she joined the V.D. class,
For Harlots in Jerusalem!

(Chorus)

**Cathusalem had illegits**
**Little whores with swinging tits**
**Who sold their cunts for thrupenny bits**
**The Harlots of Jerusalem!**

**(Chorus)**

34. TIGERLILY

Oh, my sister Tigerlily is a tart in Piccadilly
And my mother is another in the Strand
And my father flogs his arsehole down the Elephant & Castle
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

I was sitting in the prison with my penis in my hand
And my foreskin cast a shadown on the walls
And the hairs go flicker-flacker from my arsehole to my knacker
And the rats are playing croquet with my balls

## 35. ABDUL ABULBUL EMIR

In the Harems of Egypt, close-guarded and secret,
The women are fairest of hair,
But the very best jerk is owned by a Turk
Called Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A travelling brothel once came to the town,
'Twas owned by a Shah from afar,
He issued a challenge to all who could fuck,
'Gainst Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

Old Abdul arrived with his bride by his side,
He came in a bloody great car,
Bet a thousand gold lumps he'd shag many more rumps
Than Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

They met on a track with their tools hanging slack,
The starter's gun punctured the air,
They were quick on the rise and folks gasped at the size
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

All cunt hairs were shorn, no rubbers were worn,
And Abdul's arse revved like a car,
But he hadn't a hope against the long even stroke
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

When Ivan had won he was wiping his dong,
He stooped down to polish his peer,
He received a great root up his innocent shoot,
From Abdul Abulbul Emir.

Now the cream of the joke when apart they were broke,
Was laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul the fool had busted his tool,
In the arsehole of Ivan Skivar.

## THE STREET OF A THOUSAND ARSEHOLES

In the street of A Thousand Arseholes,
By the sign of the swinging tit,
There stands a Chinese maiden,
By the name of Hu Flung Shit.

Sweet as the scented lotus,
With eyes like pools of piss,
She lies there in the gutter,
Whanking with celestial bliss.

As she dreams of her love - the bastard,
As she longs for his throbbing rod,
As she marks her score along the floor -
Up walks Scro Tum Sod.

"Come fly with me my purse of spunk,"
He hollered, prick in hand,
"My stand for you will last weeks through,
Like snow on the Gobi sand."

She lifted up her starboard tit,
And wisely scratched her snatch,
Then looked at him with a split-arsed grin,
And said "Go fuck a Mandarin."

He clutched his prick with cow-like mit,
And smashed it 'gainst the walls,
Took of his hat and fucked it flat,
Then danced upon his balls.

At last his anger mastered him,
He pissed himself with rage,
He went and shit, and stamped in it,
And his foreskin went quite beige.

Emotion quite o'ercame him,
He fell - just like a sack,
And she stood on him with a serene grin,
And pissed on the fucker's back.

The Chinese maiden whanks no more,
She rose and took on shit,
In the street of A Thousand Arseholes
'Neath the sign of the Swinging Tit.

## THE BALL OF KIRRIEMUIR

Four and twenty virgins
Came down from Inverness
And when the ball was over
There were four and twenty less

Chorus:

Singin' balls to your partner
Arse against the wall,
If you can't get fucked on Saturday night,
You'll never get fucked at all.

'Twas at the gatherin' of the Clans,
And all the Scots were there,
'A feelin' up the lassies
Among the pubic hair.

(Chorus)

There was fucking in the haystacks,
Fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music,
For the swishin' of the pricks

(Chorus)

The Undertaker he was there,
Dressed in a long black shroud,
Swingin'- from a chandelier,
And pissin' on the crowd.

(Chorus)

The village cripple he was there,
But didn't shag too much,
His old John Thomas had fallen off
So he fucked 'em with his crutch.

(Chorus)

The local sweepy he was there,
A really filthy brute,
And every time he farted,
He covered 'em with soot.

(Chorus)

The village idiot he was there,
Up to his favourite trick,
Pulling his foreskin over his head
And whistlin' through his prick.

(Chorus)

The district nurse was there as well,
She had us all in fits,
Jumping off the mantelpiece,
And landing on her tits.

(Chorus)

The village copper he was there,
He had a mighty tool,
He pulled his foreskin o'er his head,
And yodeled through the hole.

(Chorus)

The country postman he was there,
He had a dose of pox,
As he couldn't fuck the lassies,
He stuffed the letter box.

(Chorus)

The old fishmonger he was there,
A dirty stinkin' sod,
He never got a stand that night,
So he fucked 'em with a cod.

(Chorus)

The local vicar he was there,
His collar back to front,
He said, "My girls thy sins are blest."
And shoved it up their cunts.

(Chorus)

The vicar's wife, she was there,
She had us all in fits,
Jumping from the mantelpiece
And bouncing on her tits.

(Chorus)

There was a buggery in the parlour,
Sodomy on the stairs
You couldn't see the dancin' floor,
For the mass of pubic hairs.

(Chorus)

There was wee Dr. Jameson,
The one that fought the Boers,
He leaped upon the table,
And shouted for the whores.

(Chorus)

Jock the blacksmith he was there,
He couldn't play the game,
He fucked a lassie seven times
And wouldn't see her hame.

(Chorus)

The village elders they were there,
And they were shocked to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads
A hangin' from a tree

(Chorus)

The old schoolmaster he was there
He fucked by rule of thumb;
By logarithms he worked out
The time that he would come.

(Chorus)

Four and twenty virgins
Came down from Aviemore
Only two got back again,
And they were double bore.

(Chorus)

In the morning early,
The farmer nearly shat,
For twenty acres of his corn
Were fairly fuckin' flat.

(Chorus)

And when the ball was over,
The maidens all confessed,
Although they liked the music
The fucking was the best.

(Chorus)

The village blacksmith, he was there
A mighty man was he
He lined them up against the wall
And fucked them 3 by 3.

(Chorus)

The Vicar's daughter, she was there,
She had us all in fits,
Sliding down the banisters
And bouncing on her tits.

(Chorus)

The village butcher he was there,
His chopper in his hand,
Every time he turned around
He circumcized the band.

(Chorus)

The village harlot, she was there,
Lying on the floor,
Everytime she opened her legs,
The suction closed the door.

(Chorus)

## ESKIMO NELL

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold and the end of his nob turns blue,
When it's bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle, he can tell a yarn or two.

So find me a seat and stand me a drink and a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete and the gentle Eskimo Nell.

Now when Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete go forth in search of fun,
It's usually Dick who wields the prick and Mexico Pete the gun.

And when Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete are sore, depressed and mad,
'Tis a cunt that generally bears the brunt - so the shootin' ain't too bad.

Now Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete had been hunting in Dead Man's Creek,
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck for night on half a week.

Just a moose or two or a caribou and a bison-cow or so,
And for Dead-Eye Dick with his kingly prick this fucking was mightly slow.

So do or dare this honry pair set out for the Rio Grande,
Dead-Eye Dick with his muscular prick and Pete with his gun in hand.

They blazed a randy trail and no man in their path withstood,
And many a bride who was hubby's pride knew pregnant widowhoom.

They made the strand of the Rio Grande at the height of a blazing noon,
And to slake their thirst and fo' their worst they sought Black Mike's saloon

As the swing doors opened wide, both prick and gun flashed free,
"Accordin' to sex, you bleedin' wrecks, you drinks or fucks with me!"

Now they'd heard of the prick called Dead-Eye Dick from the Horn to Panama,
And with nothing worse than a muttered curse those cowhands sought the bar.

The women too knew his playful ways down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores took down their drawers at Dead-Eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexico Pete twitch on the trigger grip,
'Twas death to wait - at a fearful rate those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-Eye Dick was breathing quick with lecherous snorts and grunts,
As forty arses were bared to view to say nothing of forty cunts!

Now forty arses and forty cunts you'll see if you use your wits,
And rattle a bit at arithmetic - that's likewise eighty tits.

And eighty tits is a gladsome sight for a man with a raging stand,
They may be rare in Berkeley Square, but not on the Rio Grande.

Our Dead-Eye Dick he fucks 'em quick, so he backed and took a run,
He made a dart at the nearest tart and scored a bull in one.

He bore her to the sandy floor and fucked her deep and fine,
And though she grinned, it put the wind up the other thirty-nine.

Our Dead-Eye Dick he fucks 'em quick and flinging the first aside,
He was making a gin at the second quim when the swing doors opened wide.

And into that hall of sin and vice - into that harlot's hell
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.

Our Dead-Eye Dick who fucks 'em quick was well in No. 22,
When Eskimo Nell lets out a yell and says to him, "Hey - you."

The hefty lout he turned about, both nob and face were red,
With a single flick of his might prick the tart flew o'er his head.

But Eskimo Nell she stood it well and looked him in the eyes,
With the utmost scorn she glimpsed the horn that rose from his hairy thighs.

She blew a puff from her cigarette onto his steaming nob,
So utterly beat was Mexico Pete he forgot to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell in accents calm and cool,
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp, do you call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down," she sneered to the cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt that can do the stunt - it's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She shed her garments one by one with an air of conscious pride,
Till at last she stood in her womanhood, and they saw the great divide.

She laid right down on the table top where someone had left a glass,
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits between the cheeks of her arse!

She bent her knees with supple ease and opened her legs apart;
With a final nod to the randy sod she gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-Eye Dick with his King of a prick prepared to take his time,
For a girl like this was a fucking bliss - so he staged a pantomime.

He winked his arsehole in and out, and made his balls inflate,
Until they looked like granite knobs on top of a garden gate.

He rubbed his foreskin up and down - his nob increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick and almost reached his eyes.

He polished the rod with Rum and gob to make it steaming hot,
And to finish the job he sprinkled the nob with a cayenne pepper pot.

He didn't back to take a run, nor yet a flying leap;
But bent right down and came longside with a steady forward creep.

Then he took a sight as a gunman might along his mighty tool,
And shoved his lust with a dexterous trust - firm, calculating and cool.

Have you seen the massive pistons on the giant C.P.R?
With a punishing force of a thousand horses - you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do, but you've yet to learn the awe-inspiring trick,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a man like Dead-Eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was an Infidel - she equalled a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen and her rock of ages beam.

Amidships she could stand the rush like the flush of a water closet,
So she grasped his cock like a Chatwood lock on the National Safe Deposit.

She lay for a while with a subtle smile while the grip of her cunt grew keener,
Then giving a sigh she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this feat in a way so neat as to set at complete defiance
The primary cause and the basic laws that govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient laws of the Classic school in a moment or two went west.

And now my friend we draw to the end of this copulating epic,
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick and akin to an anaesthetic.

He slipped to the floor and he knew no more - his passions extinct and dead -
He didn't shout as his tool came out; it was stripped down to a thread.

Mexico Pete, he sprang to his feet, to avenge his pal's affront,
With a fearful jolt he drew his Colt and rammed it up her cunt.

He shoved it up to the trigger grip and fired three times three,
But to his surprise she rolled her eyes and smiled in ecstasy.

She leaped to her feet with a smile so sweet: "Bully," she said, "for you,
Though I might have guessed it's about the best you phoney lechers do.

When next your friend and you intend to sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-Eye Dick a sugar stick, and get yourself a bun.

I'm going back to the frozen North, to the land where spunk is Spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream - but a solid frozen chunk.

Back to the land where they understand what it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed and the infants copulate.

Back to the land of the mighty stand, where the nights are six months long,
Where the polar bear whanks off in his lair, that's where they'll sing this song."

They'll tell this tale on the Artic trail where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold, French letters are sold wrapped in a ball of snow.

In the valley of death with baited breath it's there we sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle, and the mouldering corpses screw!